Vol. III. Numb. 30.

The EXAMINER.

From Monday *March* 2, to Friday *March* 6, 1712.

——Nævole, *dic aliquid.* Martial.

I Can ſcarce afford to keep a ſerious Countenance with thoſe candid Judges, who expreſs their Surprize at the great Increaſe of Controverſie; and are apt to pronounce of the *Pamphlet War*, as they did of the *War* in *Flanders*, That they are Both calculated for Eternity. Theſe Men are ſo good-natur'd to believe, that as ſhedding of Blood and ſpending of Money were heretofore taken for Succeſs, ſo, by the ſame Rule, ſpilling of Ink and conſumption of Words, may paſs for Argument and Confutation. According to this Scheme, *Writing* is only the Exerciſe of the Pen, and a Mechanical way of running Diviſions upon the *Alphabet*; Reaſoning and Debate are the filling up of a void Space between the *Title-Page* and *Finis*, and a *Genius* ſeems to differ very little from a *Ghoſt*; 'tis the Apparition of good Senſe *murder'd*, the Reſemblance of *Subſtance* copied in *Air*, that never appears but by a *falſe Light*, and only gives Diſturbance to *weak* Heads and *guilty* Minds.

For my own Part, I think Controverſie is at a ſtand; and though within theſe two Years, I have peruſed about a *Tun* and a Half of *Pamphlets*; which I can much more properly call in the Honeſt *Stationers* Terms, *Reams* of *Genoa* and *Foolſcap*, than venture to give them the Names of *Anſwers*, *Replies*, *Arguments*, *Vindications*, or the like, notwithſtanding I ſee they are mark'd with thoſe Appellations by the witty Rogues the Authors, who care not how they impoſe upon the World in that modiſh way which they call *Banter*; yet, after all my Fatigue, I find I have danc'd in a Wheel, have trod a *Labyrinth*, and gone over the ſame Ground Fifty times; ſo that it is impoſſible to expreſs my Satisfaction, when I break Pale, and take a Run in that fine Country which was poſſeſs'd by our Anceſtors; or Range in the open Plains, and entertain my ſelf with all the curious Landskip of Antiquity. After a *Jaunt* of this ſort, to return to a Bundle of modern *Pamphlets*, is falling from *Cooper's-Hill* into a *Bogg*, or coming down full ſpeed from the *Downs* of *New-Market* into the *Fens* of *Eſſex*. Here we have neither Fertility nor Beauty: But the whole Intellectual World, as they have moulded it, is like the natural World of *Epicurus*, a Syſtem of *Vacancy* and *Confuſion*.

The *Whig-Authors* are the moſt obliging in giving us ſome Relief in this Extremity: For finding that Invention is quite loſt among them, and becauſe they deſpair of making any future Diſcoveries, except in the Immenſe *Space* or *Void*, the *Region of Abſurdity*; they are now narrowing the Art of Reaſon, and reducing it into ſo cloſe a Compaſs, that whoever reads *one* of their Books, may be lawfully ſaid to peruſe *Five hundred*: They have got the way of making up Arguments in *Packs*, like *Cards*; if you buy a Thouſand Setts, you will ſtill find the ſame quantity of *Knaves* and *Clubs* in every one of them. This is done to prevent Nonſenſe from being too great a Burden to weak Memories, and for the more expeditious way of Confuting and Silencing an Adverſary. It is now no ſtrange thing to meet a Writer of that ſide, with a *Pocket-Book* about him, no bigger than a *Surgeon's* Caſe of Inſtruments; in which he carries all the neceſſary Utenſils proper to be employ'd in the Service of the *Body Politick*, whether for *Letting of Blood*, *Scarrification*, *Inciſion*, *Dilatation*, *Infuſion*, *Ejection*, *Amputation*, *Anatomy*, or any other ſafe and ſalubrious Method of Practice.

I have long waited for a compleat Collection of their Reaſons, or an *Epitome* of *Whig-Logick*; and I believe the only thing that obſtructs the Publication of it, is, That there are as many Revolutions in their *Rational* as their *Political* Scheme; whereby they are diſabled from coming to a Settlement; but this might be remedied by *Monthly States*, in which the People ſhould be inſtructed what to Believe and Aſſent to, till the next *Full Moon*: But the eternal Truths, the ſtanding Rules and Arguments, which are Stamp'd and Authoriz'd by their *Rabbies*, would, if communicated to the World in the mean time, prove a very good Entertainment; and however unqualified I may ſeem for ſuch a Task, yet I ſhall attempt ſomething of a Sketch in Imitation of what I long for, and as a Taſte of what may be expected from their own Maſters. I enter upon this Work more chearfully, becauſe I thereby hope to convince the World, by what irreſiſtable Strength and formidable Forces the *Examiner* has been vanquiſh'd: That he fell with Honour, and had all the Artillery, the whole Hoſt and Flower of the *Whigs*, drawn down upon him: He ſunk beneath thoſe invincible Arguments which tumbled down the *Crown*, razed the *Church* to its Foundations, and overturn'd *Religion* and *Government*. Indeed, nothing can ſtand before them: They would have confuted *Euclid* and *Archimedes*. I therefore give fair warning to all, who in After-times ſhall preſume to take up the Pen againſt them, to learn Inſtruction by my Fate; and not raſhly enter the Liſts with thoſe, who are Maſters of ſuch a compendious Method of Deſtruction, and can Rout whole *Volumes*, by the Demonſtration of a few ſhort *Paragraphs*.

Their firſt Argument lies in the Power and Energy of a ſtrenuous *Negative*: They Deny ſtoutly, and Contradict with Courage. 'Tis pity their Countenances could not be Introduced into every Page, that they might be truly ſaid to *Face a Man down*. This way they anſwer all Facts and Occurrences, Foreign and Domeſtick, Antient and Modern; as alſo all Hiſtorical and Traditional Accounts of their own Party. This is an approv'd Method, and valuable for its Brevity: For to give the *Lye* in return for Truth, argues ſuperior Wit in the Perſon who Over-reaches the other, by parting with a leſs valuable Conſideration for a greater. But there is one Misfortune attends it: For the Dealers this way, tho' they are ſure to find Readers who will believe them, yet they are apt to impute to their own Parts and Induſtry, what is really due to the meritorious Weakneſs and Credulity of their Followers.

Another excellent Talent is *Auruſpacy* or *Soothſaying*; ripping their Adverſaries open, peeping into their Entrails, and pronouncing upon their Deſigns and Intentions, without the leaſt Proof from any outward Indications. This ſerves to fill up Characters, and give a malicious Turn to the publick Affairs: It Silences and Perplexes all thoſe who would Speak well, Hope well, and Wiſh well to their Governors. For the Gueſſes of theſe Sages are heightned by a brisk Imagination, and the *Self-conſciouſneſs* of Villany. Then it is impoſſible to Reply to them on this Subject; for the Ills they foreſee are *ſtill to come*: So we can only ſuggeſt a modeſt Probability, That no wiſe or crafty Politician would undertake a compleat Piece of Iniquity, whilſt they were out of Power, and render'd incapable of finiſhing the Contrivance.

If an Author writes Inſufferably well, and has more Wit and Senſe than ought to be Born with in a *Free State*, eſpecially among *Levellers*; they never meddle with his Works, but look out for his Perſon, or which

is all one, chuſe a Repreſentative for him; and after having daub'd him all over with Ink, have no more Conſcience than to ſwear to his Complexion, and pronounce it to be *Black*.

When you Queſtion them upon the Topick of Religion, their *Creed* and *Catechiſm* conſiſt of one grand Article —— *We are no Papiſts* —— For their Rule in Spirituals is to eſtabliſh Nothing, but to admit or reject every Sect, according as they are for or againſt them in Temporals. This makes them the ſole Arbitrators of Controverſy within their own Pale. They ſilence the *Low-church Biſhops* by the *Presbyterians*, who reject *Epiſcopacy*; the *Presbiterians* by the *Independents*, who are againſt all *Synods*; the *Independents* by the *Quakers*, who hold an *internal Government*; the *Quakers* by the *Socinians*, who make that *internal Governor* to be *meer Man*; the *Socinians* by the *Deiſts*, who deny all *Revelation*, and the *Deiſts* by the *Free-Thinkers*, who queſtion the very Being of a God. Thus they confute their own Sects by one another, whenever they deſert them in Seculars, and the *True Church*, by inſulting its Members with the Names of *Tory*, *High Flyer*, *Jacobite*, *Perkinite*, and the like; which are Marks they carry with them to the Church Door; there thruſt them into People's Pockets, and then give out They were found upon them.

All their *Warlike Miſmanagement*, their Plundering, Robbing, and cutting of Throats, they juſtify by very bold Aſſertions, *That they have Fought, and underſtand a Sword:* And when they deſign to pick a Pocket, they pretend to ſhew *Strange Things*, and bid the honeſt *Byſtanders* look up to the *Roof* of *Weſtminſter-hall*.

They make ſhort Work of the Diſpute about Government: For they trace it at once up to a *State of Equality*, older than Hiſtory it ſelf: So that any Account ſo low as *Adam* muſt give way to it: This is its *Beginning*; and the *End* is their own *Good* and *Welfare:* Whatever Changes they get by, are called *Revolutions*; and all they loſe by, *Rebellions*.

If you argue with them in behalf of *Great Britain*, againſt any Foreign Power; then they repreſent to you the heinous Crime, and perhaps Danger, of affronting an *Ally:* If you advance a few unlucky Truths againſt any of their own Leaders, then they Top the *Lord* upon you, and anſwer, as a certain *Prelate* does the Charge of *Hereſie*, by an *Action* of *Scandalum Magnatum*.

When the People are on their Side, then they muſt be humour'd by the Government, which was ordain'd for their Sakes: Then their Addreſſes are the *Voice of God*, and themſelves the *Magazine of Power:* But when the ſame People declare againſt them; they are *The Mob*, *The Vulgar*, *Poor miſguided Wretches*. A Majority is no longer of force; and they give over the ſilly Cuſtom of *Telling Noſes*.

If at any time they quote an Author, who writes againſt them, they do it in imperfect Fragments; and then ungenerouſly Triumph over his Defects, when they have Maim'd and Diſmember'd him. This way of Proceeding in Controverſie, however ſhort and effectual, is not entirely their own Invention: For I have ſeen a Monkey, in leſs time, confute a *Sage* of the firſt Order, by *tearing his Works to Pieces*.

They are great Boaſters of Learning with thoſe of their own Side, who are the only Criticks that will not call it in queſtion: To theſe they dictate and preſcribe, with the moſt abſolute Authority; foreſtall their Judgment, awe their Senſes, and diſpoſe of their Faith at pleaſure. But they are no leſs painful Profeſſors of profound Ignorance in their Dealings with an Adverſary: They cannot comprehend a Word he ſays: His *Metaphors* they take *literally*, and his *literal* Expreſſions *Metaphorically:* All *Satyr* is *Menacing*, and they always explain a *Hint* by the Latitude of their own Malice and Barbarity.

Talk to them about the *Danger of the Church*, and they anſwer you, *They have made you eaſie by giving up the Diſſenters:* Talk to them about the *Toleration*, and they can anſwer the Diſſenters, *They will make them eaſie by giving up the Church, whenever it is in their Power:* So that it is downright Malice and Scandal to charge them with an *averſion* to Religion: For 'tis ſo *Indifferent* a Thing in their Opinion, that they will not quarrel with their Friends about it.

They lay it down as a Maxim, *That no Faith is to be given to Tories*, and then call upon you to prove your Facts by Witneſſes: And they make the *Whigs* incapable of *Lying*, and then put us to juſtify thoſe honeſt Gentlemen, who have taken them in the very Act. This Piece of Conduct is ſupported by very good Principles: They call it *Treachery* when they are *found out*; and No Man *Lies*, who is *True* to their Intereſt.

Mention Power to them, Honours, Perquiſites, and *Six Millions* a Year; they preſently cry, *They are ſtout as* Hercules, *and have Fought with Succeſs:* Strip them of theſe, and then tell them of Religion; they are preſently Cowards, ſtruck with a *Pannick*, and afraid of *Popery*. They will not let us have a good Bargain cheap; but muſt be Brib'd to the Defence of our Faith, at the Expence of *Thirty Millions*, and *another Revolution*. So highly they value —— *Religion*, or *Money!*

When you argue for the *Landed Intereſt*, they call you an Enemy to *Publick Credit:* When you *Treat* for the advancement of *Trade*, then our *Allies* muſt not be *Diſguſted*.

If an Author attacks them with Vigour, they wave the main Argument, and fall foul on a *ſingle Word*, or pick a quarrel with ſome particular Sentence, and *Scrap* of a *Paragraph:* As if Reaſon depended on *Forms*, and every Controverſie were a *Law Suit*; where a Cauſe of the firſt Conſequence might be loſt by a *Nec-non*.

If they are detected in a thouſand Falſhoods, they never *Retract*; and if a Miſtake be handſomely acknowledg'd, they never *Forget* or *Forgive*.

When they are in Power, to talk of *Fears* and *Jealouſies*, or to ſuppoſe ſo Inconſiderable a Thing as the *Church* to be in Danger, is *Factious* and *Criminal:* But when they are diſcarded, to cry *Fire*, or proclaim publickly, *That* Popery *is coming in like a Flood*, is Juſtifiable and Meritorious.

Whatever they ſay, is never to be Anſwered; becauſe they Print it over and over again, on purpoſe to have the *laſt Word*.

Theſe are the Arts by which they flouriſh, and carry on the War, to the Confuſion of all their Enemies; and Triumph they may, without controul; till ſome *mighty Genius* ſhall ariſe, with a Nobler and more modiſh Syſtem of *Lies*, *Abſurdities*, and *Croſs-Purpoſes*; and for ever ſilence them by dint of *ſuperior Dulneſs* and *Falſhood:* For *Fops* in *Learning*, like thoſe in *Nature*, are only to be confuted the *Dramatick* way; by ſhewing them a *Copy*, more extravagant than the *Original*.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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LONDON: Printed for JOHN MORPHEW, near *Stationers-Hall*, 1712.